

Journal of The American Institute of ARCHITECTS



GIULIANO DA SAN GALLO

November, 1952

George Bain Cummings, F.A.I.A.

Harwell Hamilton Harris

William Lescaze, F.A.I.A.

Dennison B. Hull

Joseph N. Hettel

Paul Vanderbilt

George Hartman in Buchenwald

35c

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE OCTAGON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

WITH THE AIM OF AMPLIFYING
AS THROUGH A MICROPHONE
THE VOICE OF THE PROFESSION

NOVEMBER, 1952

VOL. XVIII, No. 5



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The Journal of The American Institute of Architects, official organ of The Institute, is published monthly at The Octagon, 1741 New York Avenue, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Editor: Henry H. Saylor, F.A.I.A. Subscriptions in the Americas, U. S. possessions and Philippines, \$3 a year in advance; elsewhere, \$4 a year. Single copies 35c. Copyright, 1952, by The American Institute of Architects. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1923, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



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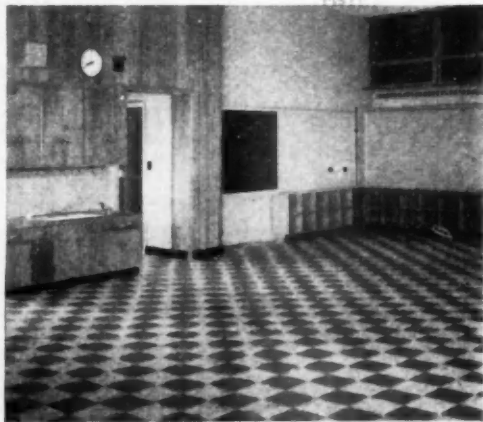
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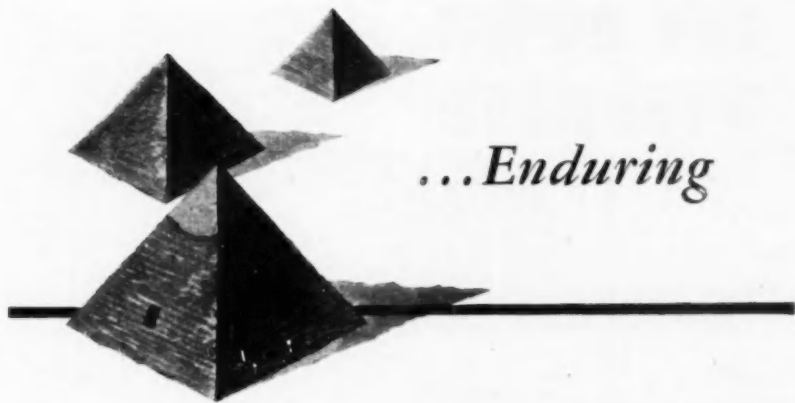
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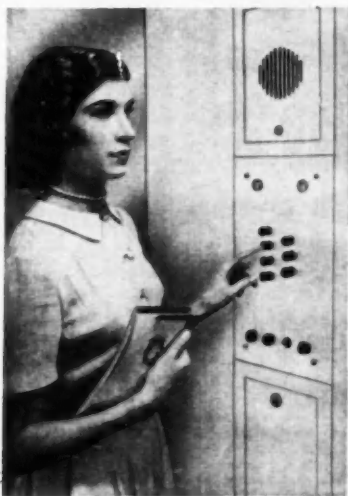
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Thereafter, neighbors observed feverish building of new straw huts at Ho-ti's, followed always by conflagrations. The secret leaked and fires became widespread. In a few weeks even his Lordship's town house was on fire. Finally, straw for hut building disappeared from the market and young pigs could not be had for love or money. At last, after many generations, a wise man arose

who said that a pig could be roasted without burning down an entire house.

Thousands of years later, we Americans feast deliriously on "roast pig." Accompanying our delights are fires of inflation, which can destroy our values just as certainly as the roasting of Ho-ti's pigs consumed his earthly possessions. But surely we need not await the coming of a sage to tell us not to burn down our houses to enjoy the delights of roast pig!

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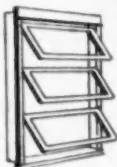
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The Architects' 1952 Trek Abroad

IN FIVE PARTS—PART I

By George Bain Cummings, F.A.I.A.

To tell his own family and a few close friends about the Trek, Mr. Cummings wrote this account and had a few copies made in the typing. Later, we persuaded him to share it with the JOURNAL readers, so here it is, in installments.

"Listen, my children, and you shall
hear of the midnight ride of
Paul Revere"

began the Landlord in the Tales of the Wayside Inn. I might paraphrase Longfellow by saying "Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight rides of Mother and me over the Atlantic, and what transpired between!" When we were together as a family before you were married, if Mother and I had taken a trip away from you we would all gather in the living-room upon our return and we would recount our experiences, sharing with you our excitement and pleasure as fully as we were able. Well, now that such gathering in person is less feasible, and so that the story may be heard and re-heard, I am committing the tale to this letter and inviting several of our friends to listen. Mother and I enjoyed this trip ever since the day in February that Mr. John

E. Smith, Jr., President of the United States Travel Agency, called from Washington to ask if I would become the trip leader of the 1952 Architects' Trek to Europe, to be organized as a travel opportunity following the convention of The American Institute of Architects scheduled for New York in the latter part of June. The Trek was to repeat a similar one twice conducted in 1951.

I am so glad we were able to accept Mr. Smith's proposal. We had previously traveled under his direction following the conventions in Salt Lake City and Washington, and were assured of perfect programming and execution and ideal travel experience on this new jaunt with him. Moreover, we had heard most enthusiastic reports from those who had taken the other Treks. So this was a real opportunity—for Mother as well as for me—and we entered upon a de-

JOURNAL OF THE A. I. A.

lightful period of planning that brought us finally to luncheon at the Waldorf as Mr. Smith's guests on Saturday, June 28th, the day of our scheduled departure from America. Up to the moment of that luncheon with our fellow-travellers I had met only Mary Broad, Walter and Betty Rolfe and Paul Gerhardt. Mother knew only the Rolfes and Paul. Twelve others and our trip director were introduced to us for the first time at this luncheon. (The remaining two of the twenty-one in the party joined us in Zurich.) Can you imagine the sense of adventure in meeting, at the last hour of departure, those with whom you will live and travel within the compact confines of tourism for the thirty-five days?

As was to be expected, they proved to be swell people. There was the initial bond of our common profession, shared by our women-folks. We soon discovered all kinds of additional bonds, in common interests and mutual acquaintances, and in the folksy things of life. There was giving in marriage (Dave and Cotta Horn joined us immediately after the wedding of their only daughter); there was birth (we all shared the suspense of Sargent Lewis in the

imminence of the birth of his first grandchild, and when the overdue cable arrived announcing the advent of Michael, we all shared in his relief and pride); there was death (befalling the immediate family of Harro Higginbotham, with whose grief we silently sympathized); and there was sickness (everyone of us at one time or another suffered some degree of digestive disturbance). In fact ours was a world in miniature as we compressed into five weeks most of the kinds of experience known to the human family. When we joined hands to sing Auld Lang Syne at our last dinner together before leaving Paris for the homing flight, we had become a well-knit, friendly group, holding each other in affectionate regard as the basis of enduring friendships.

Geographically, there were the Frobergs and Horns from California, the Rolfes, Mary Broad, Harro Higginbotham and Hiram "Lord" Salisbury from Texas, Paul Gerhardt from Illinois, the Hughes' and "Arturo" Hooker from Michigan, the Chatelains and Paul Gaudreau from Maryland, the Lewises from Connecticut and ourselves. That does not include Dick Walker, our trip director, who deserves special men-

tion. A young architect, R.I.B.A., now resident in Cannes, France, whose professional career was regrettably interrupted by the recent war, he had directed the two 1951 Treks. We were fortunate that once again, and perhaps for the last time, he had undertaken the same charge. Dick was the one who laid out the itinerary; who paced the program to allow periods of free time between periods of intensive sightseeing; who shepherded us past immigration and customs officials; who produced the necessary tickets and other keys to open sesame; who arranged the delightful receptions with the architectural societies of the various countries; who obtained many an invitation and entree for us to see important things under the most auspicious circumstances; who regaled and informed with historical tales, and interpreted foreign tongues to us; who defended our baggage with his body; who faithfully counted our goings out and our comings in so that not one was ever lost, not even an errant photographer of whom we had seven! When he said goodbye to us at the London Airport August 1, he was considering becoming a shepherd in fact, for he had grown so habituated to counting his charges.

In age, some were our contemporaries, some were younger. The youngest and the only unmarried one (except Dick), was Abby Lewis, just graduated from high school. Gentle and quietly appreciative of the daily experience, she was promptly adopted as our mascot.

Almost as if one of the group, was Anna Lea Lelli, our guide and conductor extraordinary while we were in Italy. We had been told by the trippers of 1951 that a great treat was in store for us when we came under her care. A patrician Roman, a zealous worker in the underground during the German occupation, an author and contributor to international understanding, a leader in the new Liberal Party that is making progress in Italian politics, Miss Lelli was splendidly able to make our visit to Italy memorable. I shall have more to say about her later.

Now, where was I? We were lunching at the Waldorf. We have been introduced each to all, we have listened to words of *bon voyage*, tinged with a bit of envy from some who enjoyed the previous Treks, Mr. Smith has bade us goodbye, turning us over to Dick Walker, and with bag and

baggage we are at Idlewild International Airport, boarding cards in hand, climbing the stairs to our Monarch plane of the British Overseas Air Corporation. This is a stratocruiser of the most up-to-date type, carrying 60 passengers and crew of 10, having two "decks" (counting the little lounge beneath the main deck) and a half dozen "upper berths" let down during the night for those with \$25 to spend for a doubtful improvement over sleeping in a reclining seat. The seven-course dinner is famous, the service excellent, the demonstration of the life belt—complete with inflator, whistle and electric light—most intriguing (and, we hope, unnecessary)! There is the excitement of take-off at 5:20 P.M., the last glimpses of our country—from an altitude of some 12,000 feet—the Gaspé Peninsula and the mouth of the St. Lawrence; a beautiful sunset; and then a pale moon as we put down in Goose Bay, Laborador, for refueling. Soon away, we tilt our seats back and prepare for sleep in the darkened cabin as we drone over the Atlantic. Flying east, in about four hours we meet the sun, ending the shortest night we have ever experienced. There has been little sleep, but we freshen up in

the compact—and congested—toilet rooms and are served breakfast at 9 o'clock London time (it is still 4 A.M. with you). The sunrise has been lovely (it always is, above the clouds) and now we are putting down to greet landfall over Somerset in southwestern England, to find the day clear and the prospect lovely as we fly over richly cultivated country, noting the trim villages and the hedgerows, to a perfect landing at London Airport. It is 12:20 P.M. and we are in England!

It is not too profitable to attempt to recount what we did, hour by hour, in each of the countries visited. The ingredients of each day were the same: land, buildings, people and their activities, form, color, light and shade, texture, movement, sounds and scents, and—oh yes—tastes, all shaken together and seen in ever different and exciting patterns day after day, as in a kaleidoscope. "This afternoon is free but at 6:30 we are hosts to the local architects and their wives at a reception. Be ready at 9:30 tomorrow morning to board the bus for a tour around the city. You are invited to the R.I.B.A. headquarters for lunch. Your tickets for the Sadler's Wells

Ballet have been secured for tomorrow night." This is a sample of the daily instructions. Concentrated, strenuous living, this tourist business! So, because of the impossibility of doing more within the limits of my time and your patience, let me sketch the high spots, dwelling on only one or two in each country, and adding some general comments.

In England there are the old things, building stones of our particular civilization. London is a sprawling city, quite level, athwart the twisting Thames River which appears frequently and unexpectedly and whose ebb tides do not improve the prospect. But as a waterway to the coast it served an ancient center of commerce and communication on the site of modern London, of sufficient importance to cause the Romans to embrace it within the northern wall of their empire. So, at various points in the city, such as within the confines of the group of buildings called the Tower of London, appear portions of the ancient Roman wall, 2000 years old. Here, too, within the watergate of this royal residence, the anchorage of the barges of the early kings can still be seen although the water

of the Thames is now far below any usable level for such a purpose. Here at the Tower are the substance and shadow of more than a thousand years of English history: the original Norman keep built by William the Conqueror; the chapel of St. John where knights spent the night in vigil before faring forth to war or high adventure, and where Mary Tudor was married by proxy to Philip, King of Spain; the armory with the paraphernalia of Henry VIII; the dungeons, unlighted and unventilated, in which hundreds have languished and died; the Bloody Tower containing the (re-built) room where the Little Princes were imprisoned and finally put to death; the execution spot where Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn and many another were beheaded; the ravens, great black birds, carefully protected and fed, which according to our guide "have always been there"; and the Beefeaters, colorful guards dressed in an ancient livery.

And there is Westminster Hall, ancient seat of counsel and decision, built by William Rufus and rebuilt by Richard Coeur de Lion, with soaring roof supported by huge hammer-beam trusses that permitted the removal of the ori-

ginal interior columns. Close by is the home of the modern Houses of Parliament, still undergoing reconstruction after the ordeal by bombing. And there is Big Ben! One of my most cherished memories will always be that of waking one night long enough to hear, borne upon the stillness, the deep voice of Big Ben telling the hour. Across the way is Westminster Abbey, not yet entirely cleaned of the smoke and grime of war, but oh so rich in the history of the English speaking people, so populated with sleeping greatness, from the time of the oldest tomb, which is dated 1308, to the present. Here, before the high altar, the kings and queens of England have been crowned in unbroken line beginning with Edward II, and perhaps the most moving sight in the Abbey is that of the venerable coronation chair under which rests the Stone of Scone.

And there is St. Paul's Cathedral. Not far from it is a monument marking the spot where the great fire of 1666 started, as a result of which Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to build 52 churches, of which St. Paul's was the largest. Here he lies buried, under a tablet which says in Latin, "If you seek his monument, look

around." The cathedral is filled with beauty and richness and precious memorials, the most poignant to us being the simple bronze lettering, "Remember the men and women of St. Paul's watch—who by the Grace of God saved this cathedral from destruction in war—1939-1945." This watch was made up of architects and their womenfolk. The Germans dropped many a demolition bomb, many an incendiary, on St. Paul's much damage was done to the rear of the Cathedral, countless fires were set within and around, but the people of St. Paul's watch fought night after night that it should not be destroyed. I cannot think of it without choking.



There was great damage done elsewhere in and around London. We saw many a gutted building, many a blasted area. Where gaping holes were made on principal streets and no reconstruction has as yet been undertaken, large billboards have been erected screening the ruins. Reconstruction is proceeding methodically but slowly as England struggles to build up her economy. The Londoners are saddened and wearied by what they have been through and by the de-

struction caused by the blitz, but they are proud in their survival and of the fact that they never surrendered to the enemy. They pointedly comment on the fact that Paris was virtually undamaged because it was not defended, but London still stands, bloody but unbowed, in spite of the worst punishment the foe could inflict.

In the field of entertainment, there was high tea on a Sunday afternoon with the officers of the International Inner Wheel, to honor Mother. There was the Sadler's Wells Ballet performance of "The Sleeping Beauty," exquisitely presented in the royal opera house at Covent Garden. There was a memorable opportunity afforded by its architect to inspect the Royal Festival Hall from top to bottom, including the royal suite adjoining the royal box; and then to sit in a box to hear the concluding movements of Dvorak's New World Symphony performed by the Royal Orchestra of Stockholm. This huge hall capable of seating many thousands is somewhat barn-like in its interior but acoustically it is very nearly per-

fect. Perhaps it is even too perfect, for there is little of the supporting resonance which sustains overtones. But whether it is the faintest ting of the triangle or the plucked harp string or the muted 'cello or the least flute note, your ear can discern it perfectly. The orchestra sits well out into the auditorium. Behind it are ranged a few hundred "bleacher" seats. On either side are the out-jutting boxes dramatically colored like a huge checkerboard. The tiers upon which the orchestra sits can be leveled to become a floor for ballet productions. There are wonderful terraces, indoors and out, places for refreshment, for exhibitions and a multitude of activities. This is the one permanent building that was erected for the festival of Britain two years ago, and it is deservedly popular. Another bit of unusual entertainment was offered me when from some church steeple there rang out the chime changes which Andrew D. White heard and came to love so much that he obtained the music for the Cornell chimes, by which they were always played at 1 o'clock on weekdays, when I was a student.

*(Next month, Excursions out of
London, then on to Sweden)*

JOURNAL OF THE A. I. A.



Heads As Well As Hearts

By Denison B. Hull

WHICH IS MORE DESIRABLE, a good copy, or a bad original? This question was frequently debated in architectural school thirty years ago. You can imagine the outcome: originality, no matter how bad, always won. To the students then, as to critics today, originality had a higher ethical value than mere appearance. The battle between Modern and Traditional architecture has followed the same pattern, for it is true that many, but not all, Modernist architects have been original, and many, but not all, Traditionalists have been plagiarists.

But both antagonists have missed the real issues of the battle, and the Traditionalists in particular have failed to understand the significance of the Modern movement. If the Modernists fail to understand what is worth while fighting for, their victory will be hollow, and sooner or later we shall have another revolution in style.

Architecture, like all the arts, has to be appreciated to live. Mere popular acceptance, of course, is

not enough. A work of art becomes a masterpiece only if it is appreciated over a long period of time by a large number of the best critics. To be appreciated, a work of art must appeal not just to the emotions, not just to the intellect, but to the whole personality of the critic. The masterpieces of the past have done just that. They have had strong appeal both to the emotional and intellectual faculties. Sometimes the emotional appeal has been stronger than the intellectual, and sometimes just the reverse, but in no great work of art or architecture has either appeal been neglected.

Although intellect and emotion are neither contradictory nor incompatible, the present movement is primarily a revolt of Feeling against Reason. It is simply a recurrence of the old controversy between romanticism and classicism. When the classicist, in his research for order and reason, began to reduce art to a set of rules and neglected an appeal to reason, the romanticists always rebelled,

broke all rules, and in rejecting everything the classicist believed, threw the baby out with the bath water.

The eclectic movement of the early twentieth century was an attempt to bring order out of a chaos occasioned by the revolution in technology. Renaissance, Classic and Gothic forms were used as modulus for achieving order. But the hangers-on of the movement, the second-rate minds that accompany any movement, mistook its purpose, so that the subsidiary characteristics were over-emphasized. Precedent became a purpose instead of an integrating idea. Every house had to be "Colonial" or "English" or "Spanish." There was reason for a revolt.

The revolutionaries seized upon some very plausible excuses for throwing out the eclectics, but used some very inexcusable pretexts. "Functionalism" if really practised would put the whole Modernist movement into the category of an intellectual revolt. But "functionalism" as it has been exploited is a sham, a pseudo-scientific screen for a romanticism that is frequently mechanistic in form, but utterly unmechanical in operation. The public has been kidded into accepting a dream world of machine-like

structures instead of really functional architecture.

The romanticist background of the Modernists is publicly proclaimed by its spokesmen who point to the late Baroque as its forerunner. The Baroque was, of course, a revolt against the inhibiting rules that eventually strangled the Renaissance. Its finest examples, however, show evidence of the sense of order inherent in classicism; and its worst are disorderly and elephantine monstrosities.

Modern masterpieces can be built only if architects will appeal both to the intellect and the emotions. The intellect demands orderliness, reason, proportion and unity. None of these need inhibit the imagination. And the use of imagination should not prohibit the use of precedent. Modern architecture should be good as well as original, and to be so it should be free—free to use the past as well as the present. Freedom, however, without order, becomes license.

Architects have largely given up making good copies. Isn't it time for them to give up making bad originals? Let's use our heads as well as our hearts.

An Architectural Student at Buchenwald

By George Hartman, as told to William S. McClanahan

Mr. Hartman, a graduate student in architecture at Princeton, was born in Czechoslovakia in 1925. Herewith he recalls episodes from his experiences as a political prisoner of the Nazis from 1942 to 1945, and then by the Communists. Reprinted by permission, in excerpts from the *Daily Princetonian* of April 1-3, 1952.

A SHARP WHISTLE and *Alle 'raus* made us jump up in the morning. "You dirty swine, get out of your pig stables." A harsh voice broke the heavy silence of the dying men. A young sergeant, in a German uniform, shouted at us at the top of his voice.

"*Ein, Zwei, Drei*" was the order. On three we had to be out of our bunks, ready to jump over a high partition in the middle of the barrack—back and forth, back and forth until at least ten of us died. If we did not jump we were killed for not obeying the order. So we did jump in order to be killed a little later.

I gently pushed the man next to me to rouse him, but no reaction came. I looked at him closely and shivered. I was still not used to death which so suddenly overcame one after another. But I did not have time to waste. Here was the whistle and the most terrifying spectacle started. The ghostly figures, more skeletons than human beings, jumped back and forth in

the desperate hope to save a few more days.

There was a final whistle and the sergeant was ready for a speech. "You swine, if I wanted I could make you jump all night. Maybe there are doctors, lawyers and professors among you. But even if there was the president of Czechoslovakia among you, he would have to jump. What can you do now with all your titles, you dirty beggars? You are all at my mercy. One word of the sergeant and you live or go to hell. But you may live," he ended. He ordered us to get in line for coffee.

But again my thoughts were interrupted by another regular performance before we were allowed to have our coffee, which consisted of a tasteless black liquid, having the wonderful quality of being hot. Every morning the bodies of some five to ten dead men were carried out, over our coffee. These remnants of human beings were going to be burned.

As I stood in line, I realized my

brother was missing. I called "Jan, I am here," but I overlooked the presence of a German, also a prisoner, who had spent ten years in camps for the murder of his parents. He had been made a "capo," or guard over the new prisoners, one of the worst beasts I have ever met.

"Who said it?" he shouted. Before I could answer three people next to me were knocked down. "Who said it?" screamed the capo louder, and I could hear myself, "I did." I looked at his waterish blue eyes and could read only one thing there—death. Again and again I was knocked down by his fist. But every time I got up. I would have gotten up if I had been half dead, because I saw what had happened to another man just the day before this, when he did not get up. Finally there were no more blows. I had won this time. Again I was allowed to live.

Before we started out for our work, there was another necessary procedure. We had to line up in the outside frost and then one after another pass the sergeant. As we filed by, he hit us with a stick across our backs to find out if there was a rustle of paper underneath. The reason was that no one could survive the frost and wind which went

through our thin clothes, paralyzing our feet and hands and injuring our shaven heads. So we had found a way to put paper cement bags under our jackets and they were like the warmest fur. But it did not take long for the Nazis to discover this, so every morning we had this inspection.

Yes, we did work. But how much work can a man do without food? To work too hard meant to die very soon from exhaustion. To stop working meant to be killed when caught, or to freeze to death.

"George, help me please, I am dying," said a 22-year-old student from Charles University in Prague, where I had gone to school. I looked around and there was no one to beat me up if I stopped working. "Don't be silly, Jaroslav, you must not give up now when the war will soon be over. Just move. You must not stand like this or you will freeze. Try to work," I begged him. "No, George, it is no good. I cannot hold the shovel any more. It just falls out of my hands. Do you remember how we have talked every day of the wonderful meals we shall prepare, every little detail? And of our parties, when we shall get together and celebrate

peace and freedom? George, you are strong. You will celebrate."

Jaroslav died that night. I wanted to cry, but I could not. I wanted to kill, but I could not. He was dead—one more to be carried across our morning coffee.

This is what they did with us. I was even too weak to hate—to hate those who were killing us. Not at once, but slowly, ingeniously, not a simple death, but a combination of mental and physical torture. I was not hungry. I had not been hungry for a long time. I just felt a dullness in the bottom of my stomach. The drama which was going on was that of dying, but dying which was very different from the heroic and sudden end of a soldier in the field. The millions who perished in the camps of Buchenwald, Dachau and Auschwitz died without knowing why.

You may wonder why I mention these things today. This was the Nazi horror. It ended with the liberation in 1945. But camps of horror are in existence today. They may have other names, they may be behind the Iron Curtain, but they are equally effective means of death.

In April, 1945, when the first

American tanks liberated Buchenwald prison, I hoped to start a new life and forget the past. To live in the shadow of such memories would be ghastly, if not impossible. For three more years I tried to live under the pretention that there would be no more wars, or camps. I tried to do as anybody else would—to live the normal life of a college student with his daily worries about examinations, sports and girls and simply to enjoy the life of a free Czechoslovakia.

That this was not possible is obvious enough today. The story of Czechoslovakia, well known to all of you, should serve as a warning to any democracy, big or small, which is carrying on a fight against a totalitarian regime.

If you had come to me a few days before the Communists took over the coalition government of Czechoslovakia and had told me that this would happen, I would have laughed in your face. The idea sounded absurd. Czechoslovakia, with her traditional democratic spirit, with leaders such as President Masaryk and President Benes, was not going to follow the example of Russia, Poland or Hungary.

On February 24, 1948, none but the Communist newspapers were

distributed in Prague. The government radio station broadcast nothing but Communist programs. Even President Benes was not allowed to speak to his people. The police were infiltrated by the Communists.

The next day, some 10,000 students from Charles University assembled to proceed to the residence of Benes at Hradcany Castle. Everything seemed lost. The absurd had happened. We marched, with no noise or shouting, in perfect file. While we were marching to the castle, thousands of organized Communists were assembled in the main square of Prague.

We wanted to see the President, to reassure him that the students would not yield to any terror, no matter whether it was Nazi or Communist. In 1939, nine years earlier, the same type of student demonstration had been checked by the Nazis with several executions and hundreds of deportations.

This time again we faced the police. The tragedy was that it was not the German police, but that the Czechs were going against their own countrymen. A cordon of police blocked us in the narrow and steep Nerudova Street, leading up the hill to the castle. We demanded that a delegation of stu-

dents be sent to the President. We began to shout very loudly and in unison, "17 November," the day in 1939 when the Nazis killed a number of students as they tried to defend Charles University with machine guns.

At that moment, cars approached, packed with more police who had been ordered to drive out the students. As they approached us, rifles in hand, we started to sing the national anthem. The police, surprised, stopped and stood at attention. But as soon as we had stopped, an officer gave the order to attack. We started to sing again but the police no more respected it. They opened fire and several students fell. A girl next to me was bleeding. Several other girls, trying to make an escape into a church, were dragged out and beaten by the police.

In front of me was an old, white-haired policeman who was weeping. His son was among the demonstrating students. In a little while we were dispersed.

It was then that I first thought of escape. Free Czechoslovakia existed no longer. The only successful fight against Communism would be from the outside. But it took me ten more months before I succeeded in my plans.

I, my brother, Jan, and two other students finally decided we could not wait one day longer. Slipping through the Iron Curtain would be dangerous—it was really made of bullets. But we had reached the point where death was no deterrent. When the decision was made we felt free already.



That night we decided to leave for the border and attempt to cross it on skis, into Bavaria in the American zone of Germany, the only route of escape. We planned on December 31, 1948, as our D-day because we hoped that the border police would be getting drunk to welcome the New Year and would miss us if they shot at us.

We travelled from Prague by train about 150 kilometers to a border ski resort and registered there for three days to quell suspicion. We dared take nothing but our skis, a little money and a few clothes with us in our attempt to be inconspicuous.

The decision was made to flee during daylight, because we were afraid that we would get lost at night, as we had no map or compass. We did not dare to purchase them because we would have been

immediately suspected and not allowed to continue with our "vacation plans."

There were many devices by which the Czech police attempted to prevent escapes. There were trained dogs and cleverly concealed watch towers manned by alert crews with tommy guns. In some places the police had moved the border markers back and disguised themselves as German police.

On New Year's eve, the four of us made our way from the resort up a steep hill, breathing heavily and perspiring. We were alert but we were not excited. We had a feeling of danger, knowing that any moment we might meet the armed militia, the police or the army. No one spoke a word.

When we reached the top of the mountain, Slovak (I cannot tell his real name) stopped and pointed to a large stone clearly defined against the sky. On one side there was inscribed "Czechoslovakia," on the other, "Bavaria." We were at the border. We stopped to look around, but there were no signs of life.

One after another we started down the hill. From tree to tree, neither too near nor too far from each other, we zigzagged down. Still none of us said a word. "There

is too much silence in the air," I thought to myself.

Suddenly there was the sound of a shot, then a fusillade. We were being shot at from some unseen place. Fortunately we had already gone too far, it seems, for they did not manage to hit us. Even though we had to take off our skis and carry them over some stony places, we soon reached safety.

I did something which I never thought I would do. Freedom overwhelmed me so much that I knelt down and kissed the German ground, the soil that generations on generations of Czechs have been taught to hate. It was the soil of my enemies.

I thought, "Why cannot we

learn to live in peace? What does it matter if my great-great-grandfather killed a great-great-grandfather of my German neighbor? But I am naïve. We cannot live in peace. We do not live long enough to learn by our mistakes, not long enough to undo them. We die and the next generation comes and makes the same mistakes and dies before it has had time to learn anything. And war, horrible to me because I went through it, will be only a thrilling story to my son, who will not be able to visualize the atrocity of this human tragedy, until he himself is part of it. No. We hear so much, we could learn so much, but we never, never listen."

The Cornerstone

By Joseph N. Hettel

MOST EVERY ARCHITECT at sometime in his career is called upon to take part in the laying of a cornerstone for one of his buildings. To those specializing in ecclesiastical buildings or public buildings, this call comes quite frequently. Early in my architectural career, I was called upon several times in a short period to take part in such a ceremony,

which raised in my mind the questions: Why do we lay a cornerstone? Where did this custom originate? What is its significance, if any?

Finding the answer to these questions provided a most interesting avocation for several years. In my research I was surprised to find how much had been written on the subject and how little of an

authentic nature was known by those usually taking part in such ceremonies.

The cornerstone-laying ceremony as we know it today, is a development of an ancient religious rite and is an important event in the erection of all religious and public edifices. The ceremony varies somewhat in different parts of the world according to the religion of the different peoples, but in all cases the object or meaning of the ceremony seems to be the same, namely, the dedication of the new structure to the service of the Deity or to the service of mankind which essentially is the same thing. The laying of a cornerstone is always a joyous occasion and a form of public expression of thankfulness for a new project successfully begun.

There is a rather common belief that the cornerstone should be placed in the northeast corner of a building, but in my research I have found little to substantiate this belief. The only reference to the northeast corner, outside of the Masonic ritual, was found in the Encyclopedia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature as follows: "Cornerstone is the first stone of a church, properly laid on the northeast side, as

determined by the orientation of the sun on day of the feast, or patron saint."

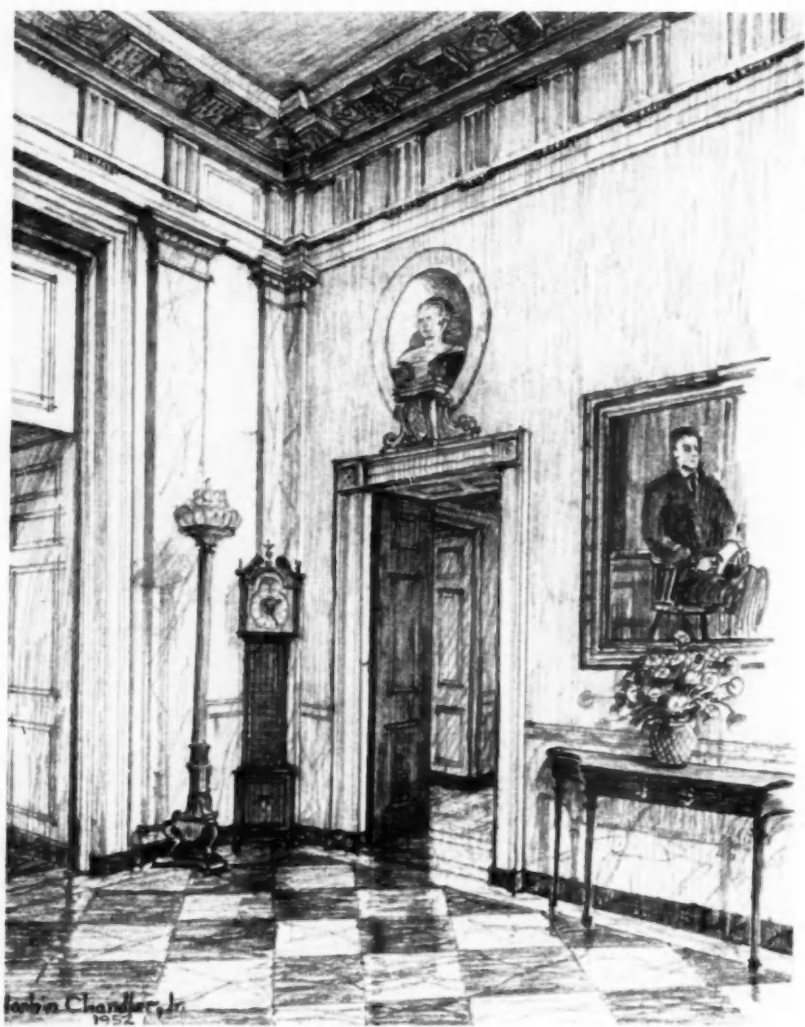
In the light of recent explorations, excavations and archeological research, we find that in ancient time the rite of foundation stone (cornerstone) laying was an important religious ceremony; that great stress was laid upon the proper founding of the structure, and that, once a building was erected upon a certain site, that ground was accounted holy ground for all time to come.

If a structure, whether it be a temple or just an altar erected in a field, as was often the case with the early Jewish people, was destroyed by fire, war or the ravages of time, it was an unfailing requirement that any new structure erected to replace the earlier one should be built on the same foundation, or if the foundation were destroyed also, then a new foundation upon the old site. We find frequent references in the Bible to the practice of rebuilding on the old foundation.

A most important example of this custom is King Solomon's Temple, the building of which is a familiar story to every reader of the Bible. In the First Book of Chronicles, we read that David



THE WHITE HOUSE
DETAIL OF THE NEW MAIN STAIRWAY
FROM THE PENCIL DRAWING BY HARBIN CHANDLER, JR.



THE WHITE HOUSE
A CORNER OF THE FIRST-STORY FOYER
FROM THE PENCIL DRAWING BY HARBIN CHANDLER, JR.

set up an "Altar unto the Lord in the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite," and in the Second Book of Chronicles we read that "Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite."

We also find in the Bible frequent reference to the rejoicing at a foundation laying. In Ezra, Chapter 3, verses 10 and 11, we read "And when the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites, the sons of Asaph with cymbals to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David, king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid."

Among more superstitious races, a sacrificial offering was made at the foundation ceremony and many evidences of human sacrifices have been found.

The legend or tradition that a building or large structure of any kind would not stand without a human sacrifice persisted throughout Europe in the Middle Ages; hence we read in the *Cornhill Magazine* of February, 1887, that "Many years ago, when the ramparts were being raised around Copenhagen, the wall always sank, so that it was not possible to get it to stand firm. They therefore took a little girl, placed her in a chair by a table, and gave her playthings and sweetmeats. While she thus sat enjoying herself, twelve masons built an arch over her, which when completed they covered with earth to the sound of drums and trumpets. By this process the walls were made solid."

Excavations in the Roman Forum indicate that the custom of offering a human sacrifice had been discarded by the Romans and superseded by a symbolic ceremony. In the concrete base of what is supposed to have been the foundation of the equestrian statue of Domitian, a block of travertine with a cavity containing five specimens of prehistoric pottery was found. The vases were opened in the presence of the King of Italy and were found to contain, in the largest one, a piece of unrefined

gold, and in the others, fragments of tortoise shell and pieces of pitch.

The foundation or cornerstone ceremony probably reached its height of ceremonial form when the great cathedrals of Europe were built, the history of which is so closely interwoven with the history of architecture.

In Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities," we find this interesting description of the laying of the foundation for the Cathedral at Salisbury, England, in the year 1220.

"Thus prepared, it was now resolved to lay the foundation of the Cathedral Church and it was an object of episcopal policy and pride to render this ceremony at once grand, popular and important. The young Monarch and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Chief of Nobility and Church Dignitaries of the Kingdom were invited to attend; and although the former are said to have been engaged at Shewsbury, yet a vast concourse of persons were present. On the 28th of April or 4th calends of May, 1220, the foundation was laid; but the person who performed this ceremony and the particulars relating to it are not satisfactorily identified and explained. According to William de Wanda, the Bishop, after performing divine

service, took off his shoes and went in procession with the clergy, singing the litany to the place of foundation. Here, after the ceremony of consecrating the ground, and making an address or sermon to the people, he laid the first stone for Pope Honorius, the second for the Archbishop of Canterbury and the third for himself. William Longspee, Earl of Sarum who was then present, laid the fourth stone; and Elai de Vitri, Countess of Sarum, and wife of the Earl laid the fifth; after her, certain noblemen added each of them a stone; then the dean, the chanter, the chancellor, the treasurer, and the archdeacons and canons of the Church of Sarum, who were present did the same amidst the acclamations of multitudes of the people, weeping for joy and contributing thereto their alms with a ready mind, according to the ability which God had given them . . . But in process of time, the Nobility returning from Wales, several of them coming hither, laid a stone binding themselves to some special contribution for the whole seven years following."

In Mackey's "History of Free Masonry," we find this description of the laying of the foundation for the Cathedral at Cologne, Germany.

"The second Cathedral was burnt in the year 1248 and the new one was begun the same year. Larousse and some other writers state that the work commenced in 1249. But Boiseree, upon whose authority one may securely rely, says that the foundation-stone of the new edifice was laid on the eve of the feast of the Assumption, August 14, 1248 by Archbishop Conrad, in the presence of the Emperor, Frederick II, and a concourse of nobility and ecclesiastics of every grade.

"The solemn ceremonies which accompanied this event has been described at length by the historian of the Cathedral, Sulpice Boiseree.

"The foundation-stone was deposited in the spot which was destined for the high altar, and where was temporarily erected a wooden cross.

"After the preparatory prayers and canticles the Archbishop proceeded, with the assistance of the architect and by means of a chisel and mallet, to engrave the figure of a cross on the four angles of the stone. In the interior of the stone, in an excavation made for the purpose, was deposited an account of the ceremony, some images of saints made in consecrated wax, some coins, and other objects which bore

relation more or less to the epoch of time in which the stone was laid.

"Afterward the Archbishop blessed the stone, sprinkled it with holy water, and then delivered it to the workmen, who lowered it into the pit which had been prepared for it.

"The Archbishop then descended, accompanied by several attendants, and after spreading mortar with a trowel over the face of the stone, gave it a blow with a hammer and placed a second stone upon the first. The Emperor, the Pope's legate, and several princes and nobles imitated the Archbishop, and the trowel and hammer passed from hand to hand until it came to the architect, while the choir chanted the 87th Psalm, beginning 'His foundation is in the holy mountains'."

The present Cathedral is the third structure on the same site, another example of rebuilding on Holy Ground.

In more recent times, methods of construction have changed and we no longer lay large foundation stones for our buildings. With the change in construction methods came a change in the foundation or cornerstone ceremony, so that today the cornerstone is merely

a symbol of the ancient foundation stone and is generally, although not always, laid in the exterior wall above the ground in the most convenient location. The stone is hollowed out to receive a metal box in which are deposited articles pertinent to the structure, or of historical interest.

Though the form of the cornerstone and the form of the ceremony attending its laying have changed with the years, it is still, as in Biblical times, an occasion of rejoicing and thankfulness for the successful beginning of a new structure for the worship of Deity or the service of mankind.

Architecture as an Art

By Harwell Hamilton Harris

A talk before the Mu Chapter of Tau Sigma Delta and its friends, Austin, Texas, May 8, 1952.

MY INITIATION this evening into an honorary architectural society recalls to my mind another initiation twenty-six years ago. Twenty-six years ago I was initiated into a first knowledge of the nature of architecture. That experience is still as vivid in my memory as the one of an hour ago. I hope that as we talk this evening of the ideals of the architectural fraternity you will let me recall some of the ideals of the architectural art. That art expresses itself in building; my recollection, therefore, is of the discovery of a great building. The account of that discovery, which I am going to read this evening, was written twelve years ago for a catalogue of an exhibition of some work of

Frank Lloyd Wright. The catalogue was never published. This is the account.

A youth trudged slowly up a winding road. The road encircled a low hill. The hilltop was covered with groves of tall pines and eucalyptus, the slopes with gray green olives. Below the hill, on three sides, were busy thoroughfares and beyond these stretched the city; the hill with its groves rose like an island out of the flat gridiron of sun-baked streets.

The youth paused often and looked above him. He had been told that hidden among the trees on the top of the hill was a building that would interest him as a sculptor. He doubted it. What had he ever found to interest him

in a building? Is architecture an art? It possesses the same elements of three-dimensional form as sculpture, theoretically the same means of abstract statement. Why then are there no examples of architecture as art? Architecture, he decided, is, for practical purposes, too impure to be an art. Arguing to himself, he reached the top of the hill.

Through a screen of tall trees he glimpsed fragments of a low building with sharp outlines. He forgot his argument and hurried along the road, pausing every few steps to peer. He came at last to a break in the planting and stepped through.

Within an open grassy space, strongly silhouetted against the circle of dark trees, lay a long, low building, its creamy walls golden in the afternoon sunlight. Its low wings were extended and paralleled by high garden walls. In the foreground was a pool as sharply rectilinear as the building; joining the building to the pool was a large plant-box. Building, pool and plant-box were one material. Above the plant-box was a broad opening; within the opening was a pair of square vertical mullions covered with intricate square ornament in low relief. Above the line of the

opening the walls broke back, and on the ledge thus created the square sharp ornament appeared again, this time in bigger scale and in high relief. Like a wreath, the ornament moved lightly across the broad brow of the building, continuing in quiet unbroken rhythm from one wall to the next and from one wing to the next. The ornament which he had followed through its developments in relief now burst into full round,—not singly, but in pairs,—high up in the interior of the building. He no sooner discovered it once than he discovered it again, always in pairs, always silhouetted against a background of trees or of sky. Stunned, he watched climax follow climax.

He was alone with his discovery, striding in rhythm to inaudible music. Forms gathering in procession and pouring themselves out in melody; climax following climax. He was in a new world. No halt, no uncertainty, no fumbling, no struggle; only melody, pouring itself out endlessly. With racing pulse he saw life as form, union, plan; and architecture as a kind of crystallized play, regulating life as though it were music.

Gradually he returned to earth. Recumbent upon her green carpet

and screened by trees from the gaze of all others, the Sleeping Beauty smiled on her youthful discoverer. And so began the metamorphosis of a youthful sculptor into a still more youthful architect.



As in the life of the youthful sculptor, so in the lives of countless others, the work of Frank Lloyd Wright has been the revelation of architecture as art. Not the art of books or of classrooms, but the art that proceeds from the very fiber of things. An art from within. Filling the imagination with a swirling stream of living images. Arousing an intense desire to body them forth in living buildings. Energizing their possessor with a feeling of the reality of the self. Making him a part of the living stream. Sensitive to the aliveness of all things. Projecting himself unconsciously into all things. Feeling the oneness and continuity of all things. Delighting in the rediscovery of his own self and in these expressions. Delighting in the richness and multiplicity of being of which he finds himself capable.

In Wright, the architect becomes the free spirit, the creator, the uniter of living impluses, evoking a

new sense of mystery from the familiar—his buildings, like all living things, born rather than contrived. To the young man in architecture he is the yea-sayer, giving affirmation to the expansive yearnings of the spirit; his work a presence, not confined to any time or place, but, like a current, sweeping into a single expressive gesture the real of the past and the present.

Stretched at their ease upon the ground, seemingly absorbing energy from the contact of their broad surfaces with the earth and the air, these buildings express in their naturalness, casualness, amplitude and democratic acceptance of sun, wind, rain, vegetation, a quality singularly American. There is in them a Whitman's "contempt for statues and ceremonies," a "Beauty of independence, departure, actions that rely on themselves." They are laws unto themselves and depend on themselves. There is in them an instinct for order and also an instinct for freedom. In a world absorbed with devices, these buildings exhibit a singular clarity regarding fundamentals. Their pattern is the pattern of a free man, striding abroad in the open. Their spread is the spread of creation.

To the youth in architecture these buildings are evidence of the existence of the art of architecture and of the nature of creation. As personal responses to a primordial

impulse they will fasten upon him for a time their idiosyncracies. Painful as this must be to Mr. Wright, it seems to be temporarily inevitable.



Honors

RALPH WALKER, F.A.I.A., past-president of The Institute, has been named a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor

Americain, Société des Architectes Diplômés, succeeding Julian Clarence Levi, F.A.I.A.

CHARLES BUTLER, F.A.I.A., has been promoted from Chevalier to Officer in France's Legion of Honor. Mr. Butler has also been made President of the Groupe

PAUL THIRY, F.A.I.A., has been appointed by Mayor Pomeroy of Seattle to membership on the City Planning Commission, joining another A.I.A. member, J. Lister Holmes.

News from the Educational Field

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, School of Architecture announces the appointment of Clyde A. Patterson, Jr. as full-time critic in design. Mr. Patterson is a graduate of Western Reserve who has studied in Paris and more recently has been on the staff of Outcalt Guenther & Associates, Cleveland architects.

GEORGIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY recently dedicated its new Architecture Building, designed by

Bush-Brown, Gailey and Heffernan. Its auditorium will serve not only the Department of Architecture but also other departments of the Institute and the Atlanta community for evening lectures.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO has recently appointed a head for its newly created Department of Architecture and Architectural Engineering—Thomas L. Hansen, who comes to Boulder from the faculty of Washington State College.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY has just opened the new building for its Graduate School of Industrial Administration. The W. L. and May T. Mellon Foundation made this school possible with a six-million-dollar gift—one million for the new building and five million as endowment. Architects: Marlier & Johnstone.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS announces an exhibit "UAM-FRANCE 1952" designed to show the contributions of leading French architects, painters, sculptors and others to contemporary architecture and art. After the Urbana exhibition, which was held in October, the exhibit began a tour of other American colleges and universities.

Calendar

November 7-8: Regional Conference, North Central States District, A.I.A., Saint Paul Hotel, Saint Paul, Minn.

November 12-14: University of Illinois Second Structural Engineering Conference, Urbana, Ill. The themes of the sessions will be on important phases of structural engineering, including prestressed concrete.

November 14-15: Annual meeting of National Council for Historic Sites and Buildings and National Trust for Historic Preservation, Statler Hotel, Washington, D. C.

November 18-19: Building Research Advisory Board conference on "Housing and Building in Hot-Humid and Hot-Dry Climates." Advance registration forms available from Building Research Advisory Board, 2101 Constitution Ave., N. W., Washington 25, D. C.

December 1-6: Twentieth National Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering, held under the auspices of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Grand Central Palace, New York, N. Y.

January 18-22: Convention and ex-

position of the National Association of Home Builders, Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

January 26-29: Annual meeting of American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, and International Heating, Ventilating and Air Conditioning Exposition, International Amphitheatre, Chicago, Ill.

February 12-14: Annual meeting of the Church Architectural Guild of America with exhibition of recently completed church projects. Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C.

March 23-April 4: York Course on Protection and Repair of Ancient Buildings. Details from Secretary, York Civic Trust, St. Anthony's Hall, Peaseholme Green, York, England.

April 25-26: Annual Assembly of Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, Royal York Hotel, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

May 25-30: Eighth International Hospital Congress, Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, London, England.

June 16-19: 85th Convention, A.I.A. Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash.



KARL KAMRATH, SR. AND KARL KAMRATH, JR.
OF HOUSTON, TEXAS

WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL FATHER-AND-SON TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP,
LONGWOOD, MASS., 1952

Photo by the JOURNAL's Roving Sports Photographer,
ALFRED SHAW, F.A.I.A.



FLORENCE H. GERVAIS
Membership and Records
The American Institute of Architects
Photograph by Gretchen Van Tassel

The Institute's Headquarters Staff

By Clair W. Ditchy, F.A.I.A.

In accord with the wishes of the Board of Directors, A.I.A., there follows the third of a series of biographical sketches of staff members. The Board's thought is that our rapidly expanding membership is not sufficiently acquainted with our excellent headquarters organization and its efficient personnel—who does what, and why. Starting in the September JOURNAL, you will have the opportunity of meeting, one by one, in the order of their association with headquarters, these people who minister so capably and loyally to the prestige and usefulness of The Institute.

FLORENCE H. GERVAIS

Membership and Records

ANOTHER long-time employee of The A.I.A. is Miss Florence H. Gervais, who joined the staff in 1928 under Edward C. Kemper, then Executive Secretary.

Miss Gervais was born and educated in Washington, D. C., attending grade and high schools there, and for a number of years, night classes at George Washington University, following her special interest in English literature.

Before joining The Institute she was employed by several lawyers, by Stone & Webster, and gained organizational experience while associated with the Railway Accounting Officers Association.

The duties which fall to her care include directing the handling of applications and elections of corporate members; status changes

of members, such as transfer, resignations, etc.; responsibility for the records and correspondence for the Judiciary Committee and the Jury of Fellows, both naturally of a highly confidential nature.

In addition to these duties, she reviews and checks proposed amendments of chapter by-laws and state organizations before final Institute action thereon.

For a number of years, the files of the administrative Department of The A.I.A. were under her jurisdiction, but now that a central filing system for the entire Institute is being organized, this work is gradually being transferred to another department, giving her much-needed additional time for the ever-increasing volume of the duties remaining in her charge.



Frances Benjamin Johnston

1864-1952

By Paul Vanderbilt

CONSULTANT IN ICONOGRAPHY, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON, an Honorary Member of The American Institute of Architects, and one of the outstanding photographers of her time, passed away on May 16, 1952, at the age of 88. She was also a member of the D.A.R., the Thornton Society, the Women's Press Club and the Arts Club of Washington, associations which reflect the variety of her social and creative distinctions. The ceremonies conferring her honorary membership in The Institute were held at the Louisiana State Museum on November 5, 1945, and she was cited as "an eminent layman, distinguished citizen, having signally contributed to the advancement of the profession of architecture by her notable achievement in recording photographically the early architecture of the United States."

Her greatest glory consisted specifically in a systematic and interpretive photographic record of

the early architecture of the nine southern states, from Maryland to Florida, which occupied her for eight years, from 1933 to 1940, and resulted in 7648 negatives of a beauty and practical value which have been universally admired. This work was financed, at the insistence of a number of influential individual enthusiasts, by successive grants from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which totalled \$26,000. Over and beyond the immediate value of the material record, her work had the quality of being influential. The very way in which she had to go about making and presenting plans, soliciting local cooperation, lecturing, establishing contacts and attracting sponsorship, made her a campaigner, and her vivid, unforgettable personality, her anticipation and evangelism, so persistent and widespread throughout the South, aroused individual and group interest in early American

architecture. In addition to helping her, people were stirred to think about the advantage to themselves in locating, documenting, preserving and cherishing the architectural heritage about them. Her project was exciting, she was exciting, and she taught an exciting activity which anyone could enjoy.

The interesting thing is that Frances Johnston arrived at this pitch of specialized enthusiasm by an indirect route, which began with a love of life and gaiety and color for their own sake. She began with interesting and distinguished people, an adventurous girl who wanted to be an artist, writer, interviewer, journalist, traveller, raconteuse, collector, Bohemian, and high-liver all at once. She was all of these things.

Miss Johnston was born in Grafton, West Virginia, in 1864, grew up partly along the Ohio River, partly in Rochester, New York, and partly in Washington. She was educated at Notre Dame Convent in Govanston, Maryland, and then went to Paris to study art at the Academie Julien. In 1885, she returned and continued in the Art Students' League of Washington, later incorporated in the Corcoran Gallery School. A

contemporary friend left town and asked Frances to take over her job as Washington correspondent for a New York paper. This she did, specializing in interviews with personalities which she illustrated with her own sketches. It was pointed out to her by someone that her interview articles would sell even better if they were accompanied by photographs, perhaps not for reproduction, since this was before the day of any regular use of half-tones, but as inducements. So she wrote to George Eastman who had invented the rollfilm Kodak only the year before, "Please send me a camera which will take good pictures for newspapers." Washington at that time was an active center not only of Federal and diplomatic life, but of literary, artistic and scientific brilliance. Well-liked, well-introduced, spirited and something of a novelty as a girl photographer of professional standing, it was not long before she was an accepted unofficial "court photographer," with easy access to the White House through the administrations of Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, and it was an accepted convention that if anything notable were to happen, she would be present.

Her first architectural commis-

sion was apparently one from John M. Carrère to photograph the New Theater in New York on its completion in 1909. More work of the same sort followed in 1911-1912, for Bertram G. Goodhue, John Russell Pope, Charles A. Platt, Cass Gilbert, Grant Laffarge, McKim, Howells, and others. In the 1920's she made many plates, usually in series, of the "palaces" of prominent millionaires, the Whitneys, Astors, Vanderbilts and Goulds. At about this time, in 1927, she received a commission from Mrs. Daniel B. Devore of Fredericksburg, Virginia, to photograph Chatham, an imposing estate which Mrs. Devore had recently restored.

It seemed to Frances Johnston that the early architecture of New England was receiving disproportionate attention, from the standpoint of preservation, and that while the manors of the South were in some cases well treated, the farmhouses, mills, log cabins, country stores and inns were not appreciated. Walls were crumbling, roofs caving in, buildings were in the hands of poor, indifferent tenants, or, sometimes worse, were being destroyed by "improvements." Miss Johnston was then 63. She began making plans and shared her ob-

servations with Mrs. Devore with the result that she was commissioned to make a photographic survey, following her design, of Fredericksburg, Old Falmouth and vicinity, "to preserve something of the atmosphere of an old Virginia town."

An exhibition of these prints in 1929 at the Library of Congress attracted Congressional attention and Dr. Putnam's interest in seeing a further application to the entire state of Virginia. At the Library, the Pictorial Archives of Early American Architecture was founded the following year and an early purchase consisted of 156 of Miss Johnston's Virginia photographs. Her next immediate undertaking was a survey for the illustration of Henry Irving Brock's "Colonial Churches in Virginia" (Richmond, the Dale Press, 1930). By 1932, she had about 1000 negatives of the type which were to constitute the great survey, mainly made in Alexandria, Leesburg, Fredericksburg, Winchester, Charlottesville and Richmond, in 67 of the 100 Virginia counties. The Metropolitan Museum of Art purchased between two and three hundred prints, and the question of distribution opened the possibility of special collections of original prints

at the Virginia State Historical Society, College of William and Mary, and particularly at the University of Virginia.

Miss Johnston offered, for the University, to create a file of 500 selected prints, secure additional records of buildings not previously adequately photographed, and perform all the necessary research if funds could be provided. In this offer she was supported by Dr. Leicester B. Holland, then Chief of the Fine Arts Division of the Library, Edmund S. Campbell, Professor of Art and Archaeology at Charlottesville, and others, and their influence with the Carnegie Corporation of New York was successful in 1933. They argued that Miss Johnston should do this partial survey because of her experience so far, that duplication of existing files should be avoided, and that it was important to record the vanishing buildings before they disappeared altogether.

So plans were made for six months of field work, counting fifteen working days per month, qualified by the factors of weather, accessibility, distance to be covered, and, under optimum conditions, 15-20 exposures per working day.

As with other projects, the further Miss Johnston went, the fur-

ther, seemingly, there was to go. The Virginia survey was twice extended by new grants and finally occupied three years. The concept grew until it was projected over the Carolinas, Maryland, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, and another five years of work. Additional projects grew out of the success of the first.

The National Park Service urged continuation of the project and eventual publication. When the first comprehensive survey of Mt. Vernon was made in 1935, Miss Johnston was selected to do the photographs. Her work was of assistance to organizations formed to preserve historic buildings in New Orleans, Savannah, and elsewhere. In 1936 she was commissioned by the Carnegie Institute of Washington to produce the preliminary survey for the restoration of St. Augustine, Florida. Funds from the sale of two or three collections provided a revolving fund for six exhibitions in 1937, in Baltimore, Washington, Chapel Hill, Charleston, St. Augustine and New Orleans. Eventually, special selections of prints were acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Huntington Library in San Marino, California,

the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, the Baltimore Museum of Art, the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, the University of Virginia and the University of North Carolina. Several books were published featuring Frances Johnston's photographs. At the time of her death, there were under discussion or in course of preparation further books on Georgia, on the lower Mississippi River region, and on her work in general.

It was always Miss Johnston's intention, repeatedly stated, to make the Library of Congress heir to all her negatives, both the early varied work and the architectural surveys, and a certain quantity of them she gave during her lifetime. She wanted her work to be generally and permanently available and ways in which this can be done are currently under discussion in connection with the settlement of her estate.

The Correlation of the Arts

An address on the occasion of The Architectural League of New York's Gold Medal Dinner, June 12, 1952.

By William Lescaze, F.A.I.A.

GEORGE RUDOLPH, the enterprising chairman of your Gold Medal Exhibition Committee, persuaded me to come here tonight on this great occasion and to talk to you on a subject which is very close to your hearts and to mine, "The Correlation of the Arts."

George, who obviously has an excellent memory, is thus rewarding me with the honor of addressing you mostly because he remembered a letter which I had written last February to the *New York Times* about this same subject under the title, "Art in Buildings," for which the Editor had wisely

substituted "Fund Allocation Urged to Create Works of Lasting Value."

Actually, my February letter had been prompted—in typically slow architect's fashion—by a November letter to the *Times* by Harvey Stevenson, the able President of the Fine Arts Federation of New York, in which he had most forcefully advocated the use of public funds for art.

Let me state now why I feel it imperative that *all of us*, whenever circumstances permit, exert all the efforts we are capable of to *bring properly together* the three visual

arts: painting, sculpture, architecture.

We should all want to do so because civilization is still the true right aim of the human spirit, no matter what our past failures may have been, and because the three visual arts constitute *together* a much more eloquent civilizing force than singly.

I must emphasize the words, "to bring properly together."

Often painting and sculpture are simply ignored; I suppose on the assumption that they are unnecessary and uneconomical adjuncts to the art of building, which unfortunately as it is practised, is not always an art.

And alas, quite often when painting and sculpture are remembered, as they have been in some of our public or large private buildings, they seem to be there *only* as an afterthought, unrelated to the architecture itself.

Or else, but this is the rare exception, it's one of the arts—in this case painting—dominating all the others like that extraordinary and moving Vence Chapel by Matisse, where everything Matisse did have anything to do with is so deeply felt and so beautifully expressed that nothing else matters very much—not even the architec-

ture, which as a matter of fact is quite non-existent there.

Or, from time to time, the phony suggestion has been made that it would be great to have Brancusi, the sculptor, design the doorknobs and the lighting fixtures; and Braque, the painter, the shape and the furniture of a room. Much as I love Brancusi's and Braque's work, this seems to me as ludicrous as asking a walnut tree to bear cherries, too. Now, give me a room designed by a good modern architect, with sculpture by Brancusi and paintings by Braque and I'll say yes, a thousand times yes. That should be great. In all the instances I have cited, the three arts were not, or wouldn't have been, brought properly together. As in architecture I'm principally interested in that great dream, a fusion of painting, of sculpture and of architecture, the bringing them properly together, we are not, at the moment, thinking of pure easel painting nor about pure sculpture, both of which are fine in their places.

All of us must learn to respect each other and to understand each other's work, and to appreciate the part which that work plays in the whole. It's what you *create* that really counts and how what you

create *belongs* and is a part of the whole.

You may ask, "What is an architect?" "What is architecture?" Long, long ago, Vitruvius wrote, "The architect should be equipped with knowledge of many branches of study and varied kinds of learning, for it is by *his* judgment that all work done by *other* arts is put to test." And then he added, "Let the architect be educated, skillful with the pencil, instructed in geometry, know much history, have followed the philosophers with attention, understand music, have some knowledge of medicine, know the opinions of the jurists, and be acquainted with astronomy and the theory of the heavens."

And much more recently, in 1938, the late Charles Harris Whitaker offered that definition of architecture which I like: "Architecture, far better called the *art of building*, and regarded as a basic task in any effort to *achieve a civilization*, must *rest* on the wise use of land as the first imperative; then, on the wise choice and use of materials that are in economical and harmonious relationship with the locality in which the building is to stand; then, on such conditions as will make good workmanship the pleasant and even happy ambition

of every worker. Failing such conditions, the art of building becomes an anti-social, anti-cultural process that as steadily lowers the self-respect of all concerned as it steadily degrades the quality of both buildings and people."

So much for the architect and architecture.

No doubt, some of our painter and sculptor friends have thought from time to time that we modern architects had neglected them. It may be true that at first we had to, that our job at the very beginning required from us an absolute concentration on architecture, only architecture as such. I remember twenty-five years ago when Frank Lloyd Wright surprised me with his first impromptu visit: how he deplored my naked surfaces; how he urged me to consider his organic element, talking brilliantly for an hour and a half about it. And how I struggled to put in a word or two edgewise arguing that we modern architects, *at the time*, had many more fundamental tasks before us. We certainly had. He didn't convince me. Need I add, I didn't convince him.

As you know I have taken my part in that struggle for acceptance of good modern architecture, by which I mean contemporary ex-

pression of human needs in terms of contemporary knowledge. But that struggle has been won now, and the time has come for us to bring painting and sculpture into harmony with architecture. And for this we must—you must—educate our clients.

I confess that to date much less has been achieved than I had hoped to see achieved in my lifetime. Yet, there are here and there encouraging signs of progress.

A few art galleries, such as those of Sam Kootz, Bertha Schaefer and Mortimer Levitt, have shown from time to time what could be achieved by a proper integration of the arts; Kootz Gallery was responsible for the remarkable fusion of the arts and architecture in that fine synagogue of Millburn, New Jersey, where the works of architect Percival Goodman, painters Adolph Gottlieb and Robert Motherwell, and sculptor Herbert Ferber were beautifully brought together. Good news has recently come from the Middle West where sculptor Warren Mosman was put in charge of an ambitious art participation for the new diagnostic clinic which the Mayo Brothers are having built at the present time in Rochester, Minnesota.

Since everything seems to have

to be reduced to percentage, let me add that I was told that it had become law—or perhaps the unwritten law—in Switzerland that either 2% or 3% of the cost of construction of all public buildings was automatically allocated to art work. As you know, our own Board of Education at one time—and they may still be doing it—did make some provision for art work for its school buildings, and our Federal Government did once figure that 1% of the cost of its buildings was not too much to devote to art.

Let us re-dedicate ourselves to this tonight; to make it possible for our architects, our painters and our sculptors to contribute *together* again as they should to our civilization.

But let us remember that, if their contribution is to be what I hope we want it to be—an integrated and forceful expression of our civilization—the forms expressive of the content, painting and sculpture belong as real, vital parts of the *whole*—architecture. There is only one way to obtain this—by creating *first* the circumstances which will make it possible for our architects, our painters and our sculptors to work *together*, to

dream *together*, to create *together*, so that a simultaneous creation may happen again today, as it should, and as it did happen in the past.

And let us also remember that

there isn't any reason why we shouldn't succeed, if we do acknowledge that civilization is our true aim, as it is the true aim of the human spirit.

International Congress of Municipal History

A REPORT BY TWO OFFICIAL DELEGATES OF THE A.I.A.

Thomas McLain Boyd
Santiago Iglesias, Jr.

EL QUINTO CONGRESO Histórico Municipal Interamericano (The Fifth Interamerican Congress of Municipal History) opened its sessions in Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic, on April 24, 1952. It was "Municipal Day," the anniversary of the establishment of the first local government in the city of "La Isabela" in "La Española," which is known as Dominican Republic today.

From the day of our arrival with the Puerto Rico delegation on Tuesday, the 22nd, until the final sessions and our departure on Thursday May 21st, there was nothing left undone in the way of comfort and pleasure. We were met at the airport, press photos were taken, we were whisked through customs as though we were

royalty, cars and drivers were assigned to us for the duration of our stay, and we were driven to the luxurious Jaragua Hotel where we were shown to choice rooms of the hotel, as guests of the Dominican Republic.

Organization of the Convention was complete in every way. The work of the Congress was divided into six sections, or Commissions:

I. Art, culture, and community life, Pre-Conquest

II. Municipalities during the Conquest to the end of the Colonial Period

III. History of Architecture and Urbanization during the Conquest to the end of the Colonial Period.

IV. The organization of municipalities in Post-Colonial America and municipal legislation

V. Inter-municipality work to-

wards a better understanding among peoples of the Americas

VI. Urbanization and Housing in urban and rural planning of today

Each delegate selected the group he wished to attend, and the delegates of each group formed a Commission, electing a president, vice-president and secretary. A complete report of each day's work including presentations, speeches, etc., was written up in bulletin form, the secretaries and typists often working far into the night so that each morning a bulletin was completed, giving the accomplishments of the previous day, plus the schedule of the day beginning.

In order to widen our horizons, we attended separate Commissions. Mr. Boyd attended the meetings of the III Commission and was selected Vice-President of that group. Mr. Iglesias selected the VI Commission and had the honor of being elected Vice-President of that group.

It is interesting to know that the Congress of Municipal History was established and the first meeting held in Havana in October, 1942, in celebration of the 450th year of the Discovery of America.

A permanent organization was set up, and the second meeting was held in New Orleans in 1947. In April, 1948 San Juan, Puerto Rico, was the host to the Congress, with twenty-one countries participating. In October, 1949, the Fourth Congress was held in Buenos Aires, and we are already looking forward to next year's meeting to be held in Chile.

It was an honor and a privilege for us to represent The A.I.A. at the Fifth Congress because of the opportunity to participate in the exchange of ideas with our Pan-american neighbors. There were twenty-one countries represented, each contributing with its questions, its solution of some problems, and its plans for the future on such vital topics as housing, progressive planning, schools, hospitals, and health centers. Our mutual interests in history and present-day problems leads to a closer relationship and better understanding. We here in Puerto Rico feel the honor of being a part of this Congress because the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico is the combination of Spanish culture and background with present-day United States of America government and industry.

Tribute

Bless'd be he who builds such
charm into my house
That those who pass must pause
and say,
There stands the home of gentle
folk.

And may he have beside his pay
A measure of my own content
From gracious living, day by day.
Nor shall a careless word reduce
his fame

By criticizing line or mass or hue,
But find me synonyms for pure de-
light.

With which to pay him homage
due

For all those hours and days of
sure content

Distilled from lines his thoughtful
fingers drew.

"HUBERTUS JUNIUS"



Architects Read and Write

*Letters from readers—discussion, argu-
mentative, corrective, even vituperative*



HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

By F. H. HARRIS, Wellington, New Zealand

SECRETARY, THE NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

(From a letter to Executive Director Purves)

I HAVE TO ACKNOWLEDGE with thanks receipt of your letter dated August 15th conveying the results of election of Officers and Members of the Board of Directors of your Institute and the very kindly message conveyed therein to the members of this Institute.

Your letter was read at a meeting of the Executive Committee held yesterday and was received with great appreciation. It was decided to publish your letter in the *Journal* of The Institute so that any of our members travelling in the United States may avail them-

selves of your kind invitation to call at your Headquarters in Washington or at your Chapter Offices in the individual states.

The Executive Committee desires me to reciprocate your sentiments that in these times professional bodies such as ours should maintain a unity of that spirit which binds us together.

I would also mention the personal contacts which have been made in recent years through the Fullbright Scheme and the Summer School of the Student Organization of the Massachusetts Institute

NOVEMBER, 1952

of Technology. We were very pleased at the helpful attitude of Professor Irwin S. Cobb who came here under the Fulbright Scheme and whom we were glad to elect an Honorary Corresponding Member. Several of our younger members have benefited by generous pro-

visions of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

On behalf of the Council and members of this Institute, I wish to convey to your Board of Directors and your members, our cordial greetings.

RESTORATION OF THE WHITE HOUSE

BY EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

MANY GOVERNMENT REPORTS are written in a language involving such close attention to minute detail that reading becomes difficult and the meaning clouded and obscure, giving rise to the quaint description for it of "Gobbledegook."

The Commission on Renovation of the Executive Mansion wisely decided not to write its report in this type of language, but to make its wording more easily understood by the average reader, so that the unusual structural achievement embodied in the renovation might be well known. I was asked, therefore, under the direction of the Commission, to write this report, to lay out its pages and to supervise its printing, with intent of obtaining a readable and esthetically presentable volume.

The story of the accomplishment of the Commission, in leaving intact historic walls and completely gutting the interior in order to build it up again in strong, fire-

proof materials, is one that needed no embellishment of fine language, even were I able to supply such a product. It needed rather the simple statement of the facts, in straightforward wording, plus excellent sketches and photographs and a large number of color pictures of the work.

I am proud to have had the opportunity of describing an outstanding example of structural and architectural design; of explaining the great need for structural correction that existed and the unusual skillfulness with which it was carried out.

I think every architect will find the report interesting reading and will wish to have it on his bookshelf. Two dollars and a half sent to the Superintendent of Documents at the Government Printing Office in Washington will bring the book to you.

[Two of Harbin Chandler's illustrations are reprinted on pages 111, 112.—Ed)

Thoughts and Afterthoughts

An architect's fee is *his* estimate of his ability.

Architectural ethics consist of the courtesies that people of good breeding show one to another.

An architect's fee can be more indicative of his intent than his sketches.

Architectural maturity is indicated by the courage to say, "I do not know." Architectural integrity is preserved by the courage to say, "I made a mistake."

It is never necessary to explain a good building.

Originality is a wonderful trait once we have acquired sufficient knowledge to be sure it *is* original.

There is no substitute for proportion—in either buildings or women.

Architectural criticism—"He should have specified a pint of chlorophyll to each bag of cement."

Design with the hope that your building will make a greater contribution to architecture than to psychiatry.

Some men write books and build buildings. They are generally better at one than they are at the other.

Architectural magazine: A monthly journal designed by decorators and landscape gardeners to sell building materials to speculative builders.

All knowledge is grist to an architect's mill.

Don't sell a woman's intelligence short until you find out who invented marriage.

Wisdom: The ability to suppress an opinion.

Art movements are generally downward.

"HUBERTUS JUNIUS," Plagiarist

NOVEMBER, 1952

The Editor's Asides

THE CENTENNIAL OF ENGINEERING, recently celebrated in Chicago, brought out a lot of interesting thinking. One of the most challenging theses was that laid down by Westinghouse Engineer, Frank R. Benedict: "Industrial productivity must increase 45% within the next ten years if the United States is to maintain a balanced, expanding economy." Three forces demonstrate this need, in his opinion: the people's demand for a constantly improved standard of living, the extension of life expectancy, and the high birth rate.

As to the economics of the thesis, I wouldn't know, but it would have been interesting to hear the late George Santayana or the late John Dewey say what they thought of the prospect of getting more and more of less and less significance. The feverish music of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" echoes in my ears.

TWO MEMBERS of the Illinois Tech faculty went to Athens this past summer. Geographically their paths led to the same place; subjectively, they could not well have been further apart. A. James

Speyer, assistant professor of architecture, studied the Acropolis and what moved the early Greeks in the design and building of it. Mrs. Marie W. Spencer, an instructor in history and economics, studied the post-war economic conditions.

MOST OF THE THINGS we worry about never really happen. At its outset 1952 looked like a bad actor. With controls, shortages, and defense building, it seemed as if private building would show a great drop below the all-time high record of 1951. In that year new construction set a figure of about \$31 billion. Now, with a few months yet to go, the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor figure that 1952's new construction figures will top 1951's all-time high by a billion or so. Private building will be only slightly below last year's figures, but public construction—largely military, naval and atomic-energy plants—is expected to show an increase of 17%, to \$11 billion. Even private residential building, for which the outlook seemed dark, will probably turn out to be only a few percentage points short of 1951's record of \$12.6 billion. On

a physical-volume basis, however, the increase in new construction is less phenomenal, building costs in the first half of 1952 being 14% higher than in the spring of 1950 and 3% higher than in the first half of 1951.

WITH ALL OUR TALK of high-rise vs. low-rise dwelling units, there is surprisingly little mention of the trend towards ground-level building in factories, schools, shopping centers, dwellings of the "ranch house" or "rambler" type, the motor-court development of the hotel. Factories show the trend most distinctly. Remember, twenty or twenty-five years ago, when the factory was a multistory structure, with the assembly line—such as it was—largely a vertical transportation movement; the floor slabs designed to carry not only the loads above but also the heavy shafting hung below? The evolution of our present one-story industrial plant, however, has been due not wholly—perhaps not even chiefly—to the increasing cleverness of architect and structural engineer. The wire-fed, individually-powered machine, better artificial lighting, better air cleaning and conditioning, increasing concern of the employer for the comfort and efficiency of the employee, the need

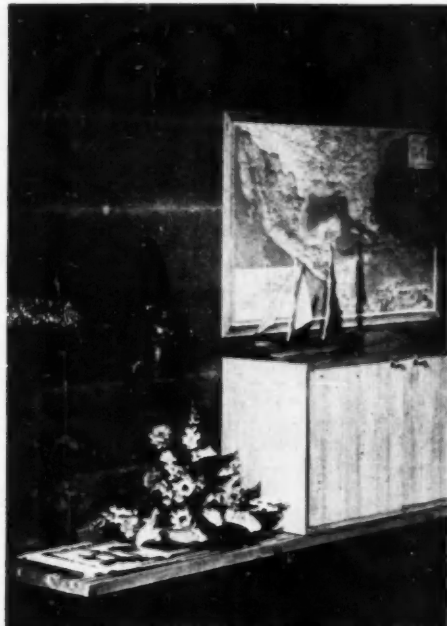
of ample and nearby parking space—in all these factors there has been the parallel progress of many minds, the architect's among them.

Perhaps the hospital too is to go the way of the factory, the school, the one-story dwelling on a slab. The proponents of dispersal as a defense measure are finding powerful assistance in a trend arising from many causes other than the atomic bomb.

ARMOUR RESEARCH FOUNDATION, in exploring the field of ceramics, seems to have hit upon something of greater interest in the field of construction. Grains of clay are dropped through a gas-air flame burning at about 2700° F. The grains soften and give off gases of their own which inflate the grains like tiny glass balloons. Immediate cooling as they pass out of the flame preserves this hollow spherical form. J. D. McLaughlin had made such spheres experimentally, but it took the Armour experts and their facilities several years to develop the process as a commercial possibility. The construction use is to employ the tiny spheres as aggregate in place of sand, gaining a fluidity and lightness of plaster or concrete that permits form filling to be done through a rubber hose.



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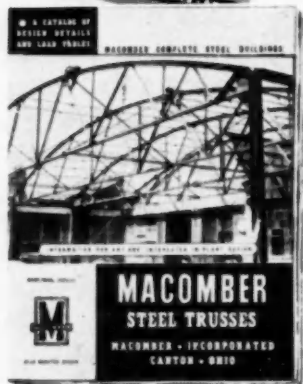


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Professional Adviser, Howard L. Cheney of Chicago, Illinois, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

Competition closes 5 P.M. Monday, Dec. 15, 1952

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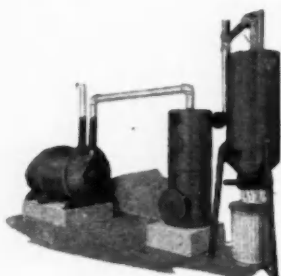
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St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, N. J. The new \$3,000,000 8-story addition, shown at left, is now under construction. Architects and Engineers, Schmidt, Garden & Erikson, Chicago. Heating Contractor, Wm. F. Hendley Co., Trenton. Operation of St. Francis Hospital is under the direction of the Sisters of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis.

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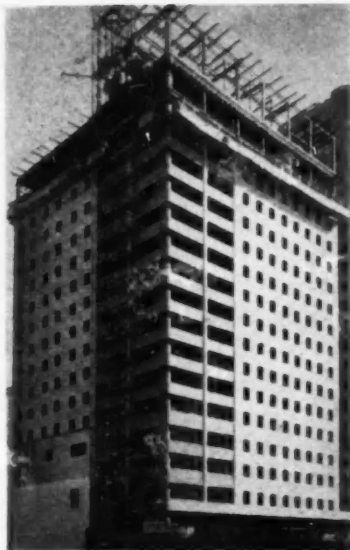
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